

The Albany Register.

ALBANY, OREGON, DECEMBER 31, 1880.

VOLUME XIII.



CENTAUR LINIMENT

always Cures and never Disappoints
The world's great Pain-Reliever
for Man and Beast. Cheap, quick
and reliable.

PITCHER'S CASTORIA is not
Narcotic. Children grow fat
upon Mothers like, and Physi-
cians recommend CASTORIA.
It regulates the Bowels, cures
Wind Colic, allays Feverishness
and destroys Worms.

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Cure, a Constitutional Antidote for
this terrible malady, by Absorption.
The most Important Discovery since
Vaccination. Other remedies may
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Manufacturer and Dealer in
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Bedroom Suits; Walnut, Ash and Maple Parlor
Suits; Patent Rockers, Easy Chairs and
Lounges a specialty.

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Extension Centre Tables,
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Cream Candy Factory.

C. W. OSBORN,

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Cream Candies!

Keeps for sale—

French and American

CANDIES

NUTS,

TOBACCO,

CIGARS,

which will be sold at prices to suit the times.
Parties and balls supplied with candies, nuts,
etc., at reduced rates.
Orders respectfully invited to give me a call.
C. W. OSBORN.

Nov. 19, 1880-1881

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Deadenng Pain.
The last number of the Medical Record
contains a notice of a new and curious
method of deadening pain, which is of
striking simplicity. It was discovered by
Dr. Bonwill, a dentist of Philadelphia, in
1875. In using the method the operator
merely requests the patient to breathe
rapidly, making about 100 respirations per
minute, ending in rapid puffing exhalations.
At the end of from two to five
minutes an entire or partial absence of
pain results for half a minute or more, and
during that time the teeth may be drawn
or incised made. The patient may be in
any position, but that recommended is
lyine on the side, and it is generally best
to throw a handkerchief over the face to
prevent distraction of the patient's atten-
tion. When the rapid breathing is first
begun the patient may feel some exhilara-
tion; following this comes a sensation of
faintness in the head or dizziness. The face
is at first and afterward pale or even bluish,
the heart beats rather feebly and fast, but
the sense of touch is not affected nor is
consciousness lost. The effect is produced
in females more readily than in males, and
in the middle-aged more easily than in the
old; children can hardly be made to
breathe properly. It is denied that there
is any possible danger. Several minor
operations, other than frequent dental ones,
have been successfully made by this method
and it is claimed that in dentistry, minor
surgery and obstetrics it may supplant the
common anesthetics. Dr. Hewson's ex-
planation is that rapid breathing diminishes
the oxygenation of the blood, and that the
resultant excess of carbonic acid tempo-
rarily poisons the nerve centers. Dr. Bonwill
gives several explanations, one being the
specific effect of carbonic acid, another the
dispersion of the force produced by rapid
voluntary muscular action, and, third, the
tapping up of the blood in the brain, due
to the excessive amount of air passing
through the lungs. The Record is not satis-
fied with the theories, but considers it
well proved that pain may be deadened by
the method, which it commends to the
profession for the exact experimental de-
termination of its precise value.

Valleys in Eastern Oregon.
An Eastern Oregon paper gives the
names, size and population of the principal
valleys in that part of the State and in
Eastern Washington:
Josephine, 25 miles long, 4 wide; pop-
ulation 400.
Klamath, 50 long, 15 wide; pop. 300.
John Day, 60 long, 10 wide; pop. 400.
Willow Creek, 30 long, 8 wide; pop. 150.
Birch Creek, 20 long, 6 wide; pop. 125.
Umatilla, 30 long, 35 wide; pop. 600.
Pho Creek, 10 long, 15 wide; pop. 60.
Grande Ronde, 20 long, 18 wide; pop.
1,750.
Powder River, 10 long, 5 wide; pop.
135.
River Jordan, 25 long, 5 wide; pop. 150.
Willow Creek, 10 long, 5 wide; pop. 135.
Burnt Creek, 8 long, 5 wide; pop. 100.
Touchet (Too-shoo), 40 long, 5 wide; pop.
2000.
Columbia Basin, 26 long, 10 wide; pop.
2,350.

The foregoing are situated in Oregon,
while the following are in Washington
Territory (eastern portion):
Walla Walla, 30 long, 18 wide; pop.
13,000.
Tuckannon, 20 miles long, 5 miles wide;
population, 200.
Alpowa, 15 long, 3 wide; pop. 35.
Palouse, 100 long, 35 wide; pop. 2,700.
Columbia Basin, 100 long, 80 wide; pop.
6,000.
Yakima, 100 long, 30 wide; pop. 500.
Spokane, 15 long, 10 wide; pop. 380.
Chehalis, 50 long, 45 wide; pop. 200.

These lands are, with the necessary
population, capable of producing 500,000
bushels of wheat annually. The twelve coun-
ties of eastern Oregon and Washington
that must be considered tributary to the
waters of the Columbia and Snake rivers,
contain 1,414 surveyed townships or 23,-
576,650 acres. In the earlier settlement
of eastern Oregon, preference was given
to strictly valley lands. Experience has
shown, however, that most ex-
cessive crops of cereals are sure upon the hill-
side lands. For both fruit raising and
general agriculture, many of the hill-
side lands are the preference.

**Beetles on the
Wings.**
You might kill a million every day
and a million squirrels out in Oregon, and
there wouldn't be any difference except
that the squirrel skins would be worth
something and the men's skins wouldn't.
One-half of the human family live so low
that if they were all swept away nothing
would be missed; and it is not until we see
what men are worth to God and the
future that the vision comes to think it a
crime to tread upon the lowest human
creature.

A new Buckeye bug is announced as
"The Poetic Voice of Ohio." The old
State is very prosaic and steady-going, and
the last time her voice was lifted it was a
political voice, and meant a rousing ma-
jority for Garfield. It was probably broken
too much by war and cheering, but it
couldn't sing any well and there was music
in it for the party that won.

Clara Louise Kellogg is reported never
to have married because the man with
whom she first fell in love was poor and
vowed he would not marry her until he
had a fortune equal to her own. She has
distanced him in the race for wealth, and
he has remained true to his vow. The
story comes from Kansas, and its main de-
fense is that such things never happen
off the stage. In real life he would have
accepted the fair Clara and her fortune and
would have been a model-prince donna's
husband, getting up those dress-room
squabbles for free advertising, in which
young Misses are so great an adept.

Snatch on a Train.
After the best-bound overland train had
left Carlin Monday night Conductor Case
missed one of the passengers, and on try-
ing the water-closet door, found it locked.
Brakeman Hill forced the door open, and
found the sleeping man lying dead, with a
bullet-hole in his head. The remains were
taken to Winnemucca, where an inquest
was held. Papers found on the body
showed that his name was Anton Ulusky,
a native of Poland. He was about 55
years of age. On the body there was also
found \$100 in coins and greenbacks, and
one \$11.00 or \$12.00 in bank. The
Coroner's jury found that he came to his
death by a pistol-shot wound inflicted by
his own hand.—Bulls Mountain (Nev.)
Messenger, December 11.

A Pacific coast stock manipulator, who
has tried to transfer his field of operations
to New York city, is credited with saying:
"If the Albany law-makers would be a lit-
tle more liberal in their legislation they
would invite instead of repelling business."
It may not have occurred to this stock ma-
nipulator that the Albany legislators are
not anxious to encourage a species of busi-
ness which has come to be regarded on the
coast, where it is best understood, as
gambling.

The ruin wrought by the Republican
party's administration of one national af-
fair is thus vividly pictured in a sentence
of the London Times article on the Presi-
dent's message. "The finances of the
United States may excite the envy not
only of England but of Europe.

Language from Uncle Sam.
Which is why I remark—
My language is plain,—
The ways that are dark,
And the tricks that are in vain,
The way Chinese left peculiar,
The same I would rise to explain.

Barum was his name;
At a sporting duel,
I'll bet you'd say what the same
I'll bet you'd say 'twould be cruel;
But he smiled as he looked at Truth-like,
As he said, "I am remarked to March Jewell."

'Twas October; he'd heard
From the vote in the West,
Which it might be inferred
To his temper gave zest;
But he played it that day upon Garfield
And me, in a way I detect.

Which we had a campaign
And Barum took a hand,
It was Fair Play. The same
He did not understand;
But he smiled as he looked at Truth-like,
With a smile that was Truth-like and bland.

But to tell of each wire
He pulled I'm unable,
And it kindles my ire
To think of my stable.
Which was commended full of males in a
bar!
And each wearing a bribery label.

But the devilry bold
Of that Barum, dear I dear!
And the lies that he told
Were quite frightful to hear;
Till at last he put down a forged letter.
And swore: "That James wrote it is clear."

Then at Garfield looked I,
And he gazed upon me,
And I started to see
And said, "Can this be?
We are swindled by Chinese cheap forg-
ing."
And we went for that Morey Chinese.

In the scene that ensued
All the voters came forth,
And on Barum's full brood
The fair-minded North
Set down very hard and emphatic.
For, O, they were terribly wroth.

In his ears, which were long,
They inserted a flea,
And he started to see
That was aimed at Jim G.
Turned into a peat that hoisted
This Truth-loving Morey Chinese.

Which is why I contend,
And I stick to it still,
That Fate shaped their end,
Rough Hewitt as they will,
Who try to impose on the people—
Which the same is a lesson to all.

Tom Orton.
Broadway, brilliant and gay, as if there
were nothing of poverty or human suffer-
ing in the world—as if none in the great
city were famishing with hunger and sick-
ness, as if there were never to be any
waning from a golden dream of luxury
and pleasure.

"Ah, thoughtless wealth and fashion!"
murmured Tom Orton, bitterly, as he
saw fine-clad forms, and pumpered steeds,
and richly mounted harness, and gilded
sleighs, and costly robes dash along.
"How much you will have to answer for
in the day of final reckoning, for neglect-
ing your poor, toiling, suffering brothers
and sisters!"

Suddenly a confused cry, a wild tumult,
the drawing away of teams on either side,
or dashing into side streets, started him
and he knew something unusual was tak-
ing place. Then came the shout of "Run
away! runaway!" and he felt that life or
property, or both were being whirled off
to destruction.

"Are you mad?" asked many, as they
ran to a place of safety, and he standing
upon the curbstone.

He gave no heed to the warning. He
had braved death far too often to shrink
from it in any event, and most certainly
when at such a distance. His eyes were
fixed on the street on a team of noble bays
that were tearing along, mad with fright
and surging the sleigh from side to side—
running at their utmost speed, each striv-
ing to outdo the other, straining every
nerve—running away driverless. Had that
been all he would not have troubled him-
self, deep as was his affection for blooded
steeds, for he was not at that moment par-
ticularly in sympathy with wealth, it was
quite another matter that chained him.

At the first outcry he was springing to
and had climbed a lamp-post; and so obtained
a clearer view—one that thrilled his heart
to the very core, caused his breath to
come to a halt.

In the sleigh was a young and beauti-
ful woman, pale with terror, and clasping
two children to her breast. Orton thought
of his Jenny and her little ones, and re-
solved to save them. The impulse was
noble, but how was it to be accomplished?
Far beyond any human control were the
frantic horses. To attempt to seize the
reins as they dashed past would be thin-
ness. He saw this—saw that the course
of the horses would bring them directly
upon him, and, though the crowd furiously
warned him of his danger, he stirred not
—only brazen muscles and nerves, and
set his teeth with determination.

"My God!" exclaimed a man, who,
bolder than the rest, sprang forward and
would have drawn him away. "You will
be instantly killed!"

Tom Orton shook him off just as the
team reached him, watched his opportu-
nity, seized upon the harness as they
were sweeping past, sprang lightly upon
the back of the nearest horse, grasped the
reins, and, turning to the right, dashed
and screaming children, shouted:

"Keep quiet! I will save you!"
And the team he did. Before a block
had been thrown the horses were made
to realize that he was their master, and
the sharp cries cutting deeply into their
mouths checked them to a standstill.

The crowd cheered lustily—the police
assisted the women and children out and
carried them to a neighboring store, and,
as the former had in a measure recovered
her senses, she asked for her preserver,
that she might thank and reward him.
But he was not to be found. All that
could be learned was, that as soon as the
trembling steeds had been taken charge of
by others he had disappeared.

"Who could it have been?" questioned
the lady, with still ghastly face and blood
less lips.

"Cannot say," answered a policeman,
"but he was a brave fellow, anyhow. I
would not have taken the risk he did for
thousands."

"A brave fellow, indeed," was the re-
sponse, "and I would give very much to
know his name and where he is to be
found."

But the lady departed without obtain-
ing the desired information, and the sensitiv-
ness of Tom Orton caused him to lose the
one opportunity of his life to have risen
above hand-to-hand poverty.

Meanwhile he was hurrying to business,
more time had been occupied in the rescue
than he thought possible, and though ap-
plause was dear to him (as to all), yet he
could not stay to listen, and, as for risking
his life for money, he had not even dream-
ed of such a thing.

Out of breath he dashed into the dress-
ing-room, and was received with reproof
for being late.

"Could not help it," he replied; "I
saw a pair of fiery horses running away
with a sleigh and a woman and two chil-
dren; thought of my Jenny and children,
and had to stop to save them."

He told his story very briefly and modest-
ly while getting ready, and soon was dash-
ing down the arena upon a spirited steed,
"charging the world with wondrous horse-
manship."

The audience applauded to the echo, and
carried away by the excitement, he rashly
determined to execute his most daring
act, forgetting that the horse he rode had
not been trained to them—was young and
wild.

The result was soon plainly apparent.
Though some were accomplished in safety,
yet, when he attempted leaping over a
banister, the fluttering frightened horse,
he bolted suddenly, and Tom Orton was
hurled heavily to the ground!

He endeavored to rise and make light of
pain, but a strange sickness came over
him, the light flickered and grew dim, he
gazed for a moment, and knew nothing more
until somewhat revived in the dressing-
room, he heard familiar voices.

"O, God! what will become of Jenny
and the babies?" he gasped, faintly, "I
am done for, and—"

"Do not fear them, Tom," said a dozen
beauty voices, and as many grasped his
hand as could obtain hold, "we will see
that you are taken care of."

Many senselessly and carelessly condemn
the ring and the stage, but in the law
of want and suffering their hearts shine upon
the surmise, and such charity is shown
that none upon the earth is brighter. Ah!
if all humanity was true as the brother and
sisterhood, whose lives are given for the
amusement and instruction of others, there
would be far less of trial and suffering in
the world. It is a charity that lasts be-
yond even the sad scenes at the "Little
church around the corner."

"Thanks, thank me," murmured the injur-
ed man; "but tell me the worst."

"A broken leg is all that appears strange,"
answers a gray-headed man—a strange
physician who had been summoned;
"though I cannot account for the marks
upon your side, my man."

"Probably he hurt himself when he
stopped the runaway horses," was suggest-
ed, and the story told.

"Humph! a very dangerous business—
next to foolhardy; not one in ten thousand
would have escaped alive!" replied the
physician, with pressed lips and flushing
eyes. "Well, all that can be done now is
to get him home. Then I will make a
more minute examination."

Very tenderly was the noble-hearted
fellow taken to his humble abode. The
scene, when he was laid upon the bed, side
by side with his sick wife and children,
caused every eye to overflow with tears.

"Tom, dear Tom," said Jenny, as well
as she could for her pitiful sobbing, "what
will become of us—the children? We
will starve and die together!"

"Not while we have hands," replied his
associates, every heart touched and every
arm served to the utmost toward relief.

They all looked around anxiously for
the physician. But he was not to be seen,
and their grumbling became loud and
deep.

"I can bear anything," said Tom, "but
for you, Jenny, and the children," and he
entirely broke down.

"And I could curse the doctor for an un-
feeling wretch," blurted out one of the
most passionate. "But it is ever thus.
We give our lives freely to please the pub-
lic, and when anything happens they care
nothing for us."

Tom groaned heavily. The sound woke
his little girl. She roused up in bed, clapp-
ed her tiny hands and shouted, in true
children's glee and wonder:

"I saw an angel! I saw an angel!"
and she was turned in the direction
indicated, and the doorway stood a desis-
timate woman, radiant upon the arm of the
stranger.

"An angel had come to them. Tom
Orton was dead, his little wife and his
children were dead, his grand-

children, and the merest chance had given
them the knowledge who it was.

But never was an equestrian feat better
rewarded, and never a more charitable
angel appeared upon earth, even upon the
day when alike upon the hill-top and
valley, it proclaimed: "Peace upon
earth and good will to men."

A Story of Mirabeau.
The worst enemy of Mirabeau was his
father; it was to him that his son was in-
debted for his abduction from Holland and
his captivity at Vincennes; a trace was at
length established between them, of which
it was one of the conditions that Mirabeau
should confine himself to the Province of
Limousin; and, in pursuance of the agree-
ment, he took up his residence at the chate-
au of his brother-in-law, the Comte du
Sallant.

His arrival was an event for the whole
neighborhood; the petty landlords of the
vicinity, who had often heard of him from
his brother-in-law, as a man not less re-
markable for his talents than for the vehem-
ence of his passions, hastened to look on
a being respecting whom their curiosity
had been so much excited; most of them
were mere sporting gentlemen, who knew
little besides the names of the dogs, and in
whose houses no books were to be found,
except an almanac, and, perhaps, a treatise
on farriery.

It may be imagined what sort of a figure
a man like Mirabeau would present—man
of education, genius, and refinement—
among these Nimrods, who, as compared
with him, were yet of the lowest stage of
civilization. To them he was like a meteor
from the skies; his vast head, of which the
apparent bulk was increased by an im-
mense crop of thick, bushy hair; his strong-
ly-marked features beaming with intelli-
gence; his quick dark eyes, which keenly
expressed his tumultuous passions; his
mouth, whose rapid motions betrayed
every emotion; his costume, genteel, but
extravagant; all these made up a whole
which amazed and confounded the rustics
among whom he wasted his days and hours,
even when he was silent.

But when he spoke, and his sonorous
voice expressed the energy of his imagina-
tion, they thought themselves in the pres-
ence of something better or worse than
man; sometimes they were tempted to
throw themselves at his feet, and at others
to fly from his presence as from that of a
demon.

The monotony of this existence soon be-
came wearisome. To escape from it, he
would often set out, with a gun and book,
to make long excursions among the neigh-
boring forests, from which he often return-
ed very late. Night scenes delighted him
and excited his vivid imagination.

At this time there was much talk in the
vicinity of the chateau of highway robber-
ies that had recently been committed.
Several persons returning from market had
all had obeyed, preferring the loss of their
gold to the hazardous chances of resistance.
No discoveries were yet made of the rob-
bers; and there was nothing upon which
the police could act for their detection.

One night a friend of the Count, arrived
late from the fair, was observed to be rapt
in a profound and unusual reverie, very
different from his habitual manner, which
was that of a jolly companion. He was
almost a way by profession; and this made
his present silence and gravity more re-
markable. The courage of this person was
somewhat doubtful; but that did not pre-
vent him from talking largely of his ex-
ploits.

The Count, anxious to know what it was
that had caused such a change in his man-
ner, took him to one side after supper, and
begged to know what made him so grave
and silent.

"No, no," he replied, "you would not
believe me; perhaps we should quarrel
about it."

"What, then," exclaimed the Count, "it
is something in which I am myself con-
cerned?"

"No, not exactly yourself, but—"
"A plague upon but! What is it?
Why will you tease me with these myster-
ies? Tell me what is the cause of your sil-
ence?"

"No, no, it is nothing."
"My dear friend, I require it of your
friendship to tell me."
"Well, then, since you will know, I have
been robbed within a half a league of the
chateau."

"Robbed, and by whom?"
"Ah, that is what you must never know,
indeed, it was dark, and I am not certain
myself."
"Whom did you suspect?"
"Excuse me; I can not, I must not,
clear that."

"I insist; were it my own son,
upon knowing."
"It was your brother-in-law."
"What, Mirabeau?"
"Yes, Mirabeau."
"Impossible; you mistal
you have certainly made a mis-
take."
"Perhaps so."
"Let us have no more of this nonsense
return to the supper room and resume your
usual spirits, or I shall think you mad."
"Agreed."
They then returned to their companions
as if nothing had happened.

The guests soon became gay and liv-
ing as usual, but the Count strove in
vain to get what he had heard from his
brother-in-law, and, after
a while, a plan was proposed a
it was that the guest should